

CATALANI'S OPERA 'LA WALLY'

FIRST PERFORMANCE AT THE METROPOLITAN.

The Italian Repertoire Expanded by a Picturesque Work—Production in Every Way Excellent—Mme. Destinn in Another Dramatic Impersonation.

"La Wally," a lyric opera in four acts, by Alfredo Catalani, book by Luigi Illica from the German of Baroness von Hellern, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the first time in this country. Many large and courageous claims have been made for Catalani, for around the name of a dead composer, and especially a disappointed one, glows a peculiarly enchanting glamour. It has been said that Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni, not to speak of other lesser lights of the Italian lyric firmament, have acquired much of their radiance from the reflection of Catalani's genial flame. "La Wally" was produced in 1902, "La Bohème" in 1900, and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" in 1892. It seems therefore that in two of these cases the inspiration could not have been found in "La Wally." But Catalani wrote earlier works and Puccini later ones.

After all, this is not a matter of world moving importance. Nor would it signify greatly should it be shown that Catalani himself derived many features of his style from composers who preceded him, for it is the habit of art to develop its products from one generation to another and to eat of the fruit of its own tree. The really important questions to be asked after the first presentation of an opera are whether it is a great work of art, or failing to be that, whether it will be pleasing to the amiable public.

It is possible that in the case of "La Wally" the verdict will be that the experience of local opera-goers is not to be enriched by acquaintance with a new masterpiece, but that the Italian repertoire has been extended by the production of a serviceable and interesting opera which contains moments of beauty and eloquence and which was the fruit of a fine talent.

Catalani's "La Wally" belongs to the category of characteristically Italian operas. It is built on a libretto which contains some excellent material for operatic purposes, but which readers quite impossible the composition of a strong, coherent and convincing lyric drama. The admirable musical gift which evoked many brilliant pages of the score was unquestionably shackled, as musical talent so often is, by the inherent weakness of the dramatic material. Opera composers are often too easy in their choice of libretto.

The first act shows us the home of Stromminger in Hochstoft, a Tyrolean hamlet on the banks of the Ache. In order that there may be an air of festivity to prepare a contrast with serious incidents soon to begin, we find Stromminger celebrating his sixtieth birthday. There is plenty of drinking and target shooting. He has an operatic molliedoodle, one of those lymphatic boys like Seta, only to be impersonated by a woman, enters and promptly announces that he knows a beautiful song about edelweiss.

It is a good song and gives us the first taste of Catalani's real quality. We say to ourselves, "If there is much more like this we shall have a delightful evening." We do not know quite how good this song is, however, for Miss L'Hullier sings it not too well nor too wisely.

Now enters a party of hunters, including Hagenbach, the hero of the opera, and a tutor. Hagenbach has killed a bear, and he makes a great deal about it, with the kindly aid of the chorus. This song is not as good as Walter's, but it is better. Stromminger rebukes the boaster, whereupon the two quarrel and clinch. There is a grey disturbance, and naturally this is the cue for the entrance of Wally, described in the book as a strange, wild creature, very strong and with deep red hair, full of fire, she hurries Hagenbach to one side, disconcerting him as it reveals through the aforesaid eyes her love for him.

But Gellner, who loves Wally, informs Stromminger that his daughter is in love with the quarrelsome bear-biller. Stromminger tells the girl she must be the bride of Gellner or be turned out of her home. She decides to take to the mountains, and of course the molliedoodle Wally offers to go with her. He continues to go with her and give us all the time for the opera to end, and then she sends him away weeping. The first act ends with Wally's departure after she has sung the loveliest piece of melody in the whole score. The concluding measures of this act are really beautiful, for the situation is inspiring and the mood touching, and the composer has given us both. But the entire act is admirable in both matter and form and shows Catalani at his best.

The second act takes place in the square of Selden, a village of the Tyrol not far from Hochstoft (see Baedeker's Austria-Hungary, route 15). A year has passed. Stromminger is dead and Wally is an heiress. It appears now that in this land they have a dance called the kiss dance. The game is to dance with a girl and snatch a kiss from her if possible—and it always is possible. Wally arrives and intimates that no one can get a kiss from her.

Gellner taunts Wally with striving to bury grief for the lost Hagenbach under an appearance of gaiety. He pleads his own cause again, only to be again derided. Thereupon he tells her that Hagenbach will soon wed Afa. This deed is admirably written. It is highly dramatic and has musical points of real strength, which neither Mme. Destinn nor Mr. Amato missed.

Hagenbach presently bets that he can snatch a kiss from Wally. The dance begins. It is a disillusioning, conventional, commonplace operatic dance—and what is worse, the two principals cease dancing when they come to the point. A drunken soldier keeps the crowd watching the two. Most publicly, most passionately, most operatically, they fall into one another's arms and kiss. Then the bears stage laugh of a hundred spectators six feet away appears and they have been observed. Wally discovers that she has been tricked and tells Gellner that she wishes to see Hagenbach dead.

The third act is almost all action. Gellner, in wait for Hagenbach and throws him from a bridge into a deep ravine. But when he tells Wally she boldly descends into the abyss and saves Hagenbach, who of course has not been killed. She lays him at the foot of Afa and departs. Here comes the lovely music heard at the end of the first act. It is the only strong musical point in the act.

The final act shows Wally far up among the snow covered mountains bidding farewell to the limp and clinging

Wally. Hagenbach seeks and finds her.

He declares that the kiss he snatched was a kiss of love. She confesses her plan of revenge, but he vows that despite this she loves her. But we must have a tragic ending, so presto! a mountain storm. Hagenbach tries to find the path and disappears.

There is an avalanche. Hagenbach is engulfed. It is a fearful avalanche, made of cut drops and pain. You wish you could "beware the awful avalanche," but you cannot. Wally calls for Hagenbach in vain. Then she leaps down from a precipice. Tenor and soprano both dead, the opera perforce comes to an end. The music of the last act is atmospheric at the beginning, but loses strength toward the end. Molliedoodle Wally has the best strain. He does not deserve it. The last duet of Wally and Hagenbach is good, but it might have been better. It is their real love duet, and you have heard so many.

The book of this opera is in some scenes overworked with incident. There are not enough pauses for the complete and moving musical exposition of emotional states. Catalani had some brilliant dramatic ideas and some lovely melodic inspirations. The close of the first act, already mentioned several times, is a piece of eloquent, sustained and poetic composition. It is difficult to see why the composer who wrote this did not rise fully to the level of the situation in the scene of the kiss. Perhaps there the conflict of motives confused him. At any rate the music of this scene is pictorial rather than psychological. It illustrates, but it does not delineate. The shortcoming in the last duet is inexplicable.

Throughout the work there is shown a desire to combine various dramatic movement, animated stage pictures, the stringent musical style of the young Italian school and opulent orchestration. In the search after this combination the writers have been successful, yet only a most liberal interpretation of terms could permit one to designate the resultant product as a notable work. This is conventional Italian opera made with uncommon ability and enriched by the outpouring of a fine musical talent. The want of close and influential union of the action with adequate musical expression is unquestionably due largely to the weakness of the book and partly to the composer's inability to manufacture a theme, an illustration which was absolutely necessary to cover up the poverty of his material.

Nevertheless there is so much to interest the eye and the ear of the casual opera-goer that a tolerable measure of popular success ought to be the meed of this work. Catalani's musicianship is unquestionable, and his employment of melodic, harmonic and instrumental devices of expression is skilful, but this is precisely the part of his score which will escape the notice of all but expert hearers. Even the many beautiful touches in the orchestration can attract no special notice in these days of gorgeous scoring.

The production was in every way praiseworthy. Indeed it was most liberal and satisfying. The scenes were all new and the work excellent, especially those of the first and second acts. The stage management was judicious, the light effects good and the entire pictorial apparatus of the opera carefully and intelligently prepared. The musical interpretation was under the direction of Arturo Toscanini, whose knowledge, artistic enthusiasm and authority were manifested in every measure.

The cast was quite equal to the demands of the opera, which after all has only one completely developed and well rounded character, the heroine. This part, Wally, was acted and sung by Emmy Destinn with noble sincerity and comic-comic finish. The part of Afa was excellently given by Mr. Campanari, contributed a most valuable piece of characterization as the drunken soldier.

Riccardo Martin sang the music of Hagenbach with delightful quality of tone, but there was little dramatic significance in anything he did. Miss Ranzenberg as Afa, Miss L'Hullier as Walter and Mr. Rossi as Stromminger completed the cast.

PELLEAS AND MELISANDE.

The First Performance This Season—Dalmores, a Newcomer, in It.

A bumper audience assembled at the Manhattan Opera House last evening to witness the season's first performance of "Pelleas and Melisande," which was so frequently heard here last winter. It was not only a large audience, but also one that seemed to find much reason for enthusiasm before the long evening was over.

In several respects the performance had points of difference from those of last season. Miss Mary Garden was not one of these points of difference. Mr. Dalmores was. Last season the Pelleas was Mr. Priet, who was imported by Mr. Hammerstein to sing the part. Last evening Mr. Dalmores sang the part for the first time on any stage. In his first excursion into this "land of pale thoughts" Mr. Dalmores moved with a very cautious tread. He was dealing with an idiom hitherto unfamiliar to his experience, and the fact was clearly acknowledged by his manner. From the very beginning he held himself rather visibly in check. But last night's audience clearly approved his first effort in the part, and the plaudits he had in the party of the role will emphasize this popular approval.

Another newcomer in this opera was Mr. Vieuille, who appeared as Arkel and seemed adequate to the requirements of the king's part. Little Miss Trentini was seen for the first time here in the part of Yniold, the boy who spies upon his stepmother without knowing it. Miss Garden's Melisande was an impersonation with which this public is not thoroughly familiar. It does not appear to have altered in any material respect since last it was exhibited hereabouts. As before she moved weirdly, unreal with a sort of picturesque, pale paucity that people like very much who like it at all. Her pictorial impressiveness is not likely to be disputed. As before, Mr. Dufrenoy was the venerable Golaud and shared in the honors of the evening. Mr. Campanari presided over the orchestra.

AGED MAID OF ALL WORK SUES

For 42 Years Unpaid Services—Verdict for \$331 in One Case.

Anna Ploger, an aged woman, obtained a judgment in the City Court yesterday for \$331 against Mrs. F. H. Bright of 33 East 13th street, for services for two years and two months at \$30 a month with interest.

Miss Ploger has another suit pending against Mrs. Bright, executrix of the estate of William Spieker. Mrs. Bright's father, this suit is for \$10,000, on a claim for services alleged to have extended over forty years. The plaintiff had lived in the Spieker family since she was 7 years old and wants pay at the rate of \$1 a month until she was 16, \$18 a month until she was 25, and \$30 a month thereafter.

When Spieker died he left her \$25 a year. She alleges that he had promised to provide handsomely for her in return for her long years of service as a maid of all work.

EVERYTHING'S IN A NAME

IF IT DOESN'T FIT YOUR BIRTH DATE FORTUNELL SWAT YOU.

Don't Believe It? Well, Ask the Priestess of Aso-Neith—Or Homer Davenport, Who's Found His Name Is Zahad and Is Now in Harmony With Himself.

If you bet and go broke, if you stutter, if you lie down with a sickness, if your wife is a shrew and your son a ninny, if your business goes to pot and your best friends pass by on the other side, don't give up hope. It's 4 to 5 and no place betting that you've got the wrong name. Change John to Buckadephos, Alice to Mehtabel, burn two bits worth of incense to Aso-Neith, and you will have the shoukly flat on the street.

Your parents may have wronged you all unwittingly in your infancy, tacking on to you, when you couldn't resist, a name that was a hoodoo from the jump because it jibbered and made faces at your birth date. You may have been walloped by trouble since you tumbled out of the cradle all because the horrible conflict between name and date set up a war of vibrations and put you out of kilter with fortune. Take it from Aso-Neith in the flowered princess, switch names, establish harmony, iron out the wringing vibrations and all may yet be well.

There was the case of Homer Davenport's son, Homer, a little boy who stuttered, exhibited nervousness frequently, lacked the gaiety of childhood and seemed to grow worse instead of better. Mr. Davenport was advised to consult the priestess of Aso-Neith in her temple in Harlem. He did so. Now little Homer has ceased to stutter. His nerves are equable and composed. He is merry and laughs from his baby's beginning to the end. He is no longer a little Homer, but little Rolf. Rolf harmonizes beautifully with 15, his birth date. Homer had stirred up fearful commotions in the child's vibrations.

Take Mr. Davenport himself. Everybody knows Mr. Davenport the artist. When Aso-Neith first told him about the philosophy of names and vibrations which she brought to science so fine that there isn't an ailment or worry she can't put out with a punch Mr. Davenport said simply:

"Madame, you make me laugh." Mr. Davenport was wrong, he confessed. His own vibrations were sending up no sweet song. He didn't notice it, but the trained ear of Aso-Neith caught the wringing and the jangling. She spoke to him in simple earnestness and demonstrated that he was seriously affected himself.

Mr. Davenport is no longer to be addressed as Homer, but as Zahad the Devotee. In sweetest harmony with himself, Zahad thought of a cousin who needed treatment. She was more than pretty, extraordinarily intelligent, fascinating to a degree, widely popular, but somehow she never got married. Every time a match was arranged some trivial matter came up between them and the match was spoiled. The young lady's vibrations were in a terrible state. Aso-Neith changed her name to Musa. Now all is well. Wedding bells pretty soon.

Now after one listened to the words of Zahad, the Devotee, as Zahad was besting it to Morris Plains to watch the little Rolf at play, there was nothing left to him but to hurry over to the temple of Aso-Neith and find out what all this was about. The temple is high up in an apartment house in West 11th street.

In the hall, which was indifferently lighted, a young thing all in red, very easy to follow with the eye, swished past hurriedly. It was not Aso-Neith, but Lilith, the coupling of Aso-Neith and vibrations. A little laugh, very musical, proved it as Lilith welcomed Zahad, once James. Then came Aso-Neith herself, the priestess, and her ears read Mrs. Aso-Neith W. Cochran.

The priestess is tall. Her hair is somewhat interlarded with gray. The eyes are gray. Her face is pale. Her robe was a princess of last century, but the ground of black. Every flower was as big as a saucer. She wore a sunburst of diamonds and rings. The name of the priestess of Aso-Neith, Aso-Neith spoke it in a firm, rather hoarse voice. It appears that her gift of prophecy, of inspirational curativeness, was the merest frill of chance. Her parents, quite undistinguished for occasion, happened to call her Aso-Neith, coupling the names of a pair of very ancient Egyptian minor deities. They didn't know the very meaning of Aso-Neith, but one with such a name could do anything.

Something she formulated the philosophy. She evolved a system, giving a name and the corresponding birth date, she could figure out any problem pertaining to that person. She knew instantly whether the name was a hoodoo or a luck piece. She understood what name should be substituted to recapture luck if an inharmonious name had been slapped onto the person.

All the world and the things that are in it are ruled by vibrations," said the priestess positively. "In the universe of vibrations there are three cords. One Five-Seven-Two-Four-Eight and Three-Six-Nine. Your name must fit the concord which should rule you, or you will be cursed by misfortune. If you were born on the 12th of April, say, you are in the One-Five-Seven concord because you obtain your place by adding the digits of your birth date. Your name must harmonize with this concord or trouble will certainly follow. It is only Aso-Neith who holds the secret of making the name fit the concord. Aso-Neith deals in new and second hand names, manufactured in the Merry Widow from Persia to Pernambuco. The mysterious power somewhere inside the flowered princess does the trick. You have to buy a new name, or Aso-Neith has a schedule of prices. If you are in a bad it may be expensive to switch—maybe not. It all depends on the diagnosis of your vibrations.

"Not only people," said Aso-Neith hastily, "but anything at all may be benefited by my advice as to a change of name. Business men have had me change the names of their corporations, and prospered always follows. I have changed the names of horses, dogs, actresses, minerals, gamblers, plays, books, birds, chorus girls, corporations, houses, babies. I gave Augustus Thomas a name for his play 'The Witching Hour.' Mr. Thomas is soon to put out a new play which will deal with the vibrations of color. I subject. Mr. Thomas is tremendously interested in my work. I get letters every day from abroad from people who want me to name their children. In thousands of cases I have never had a complaint."

Aso-Neith said that she explained her theories to a party at the apartment of Mrs. James Dunlop Smith at 34 Gramercy Park this week, among whom were Lee De Forest of the wireless concern, Ethel Newcomb, the pianist; Mrs. Hugh Pentecost, Mrs. Elizabeth Lindsay and Pauline Farnum. She handed out a bunch of new names to fit the various con cords.

The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day by the Cunard liner Caronia for the Mediterranean cruise: Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Thomas, Rear Admiral Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. George L. McCurdy, Miss McCurdy and Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Jones.

Passengers on the French line steamship La Touraine: Mr. and Mrs. de St. Gaudreau de Hueb, Mr. and Mrs. Marc, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Dreyer and Miss Maud Freigott.

GOING TO FIX UP THE CABINET.

Taft and Knox to Begin Work To-day on the Material in Hand.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 6.—United States Senator Knox will get here tomorrow morning and he will remain several days. Mr. Taft has said that he intended to rely considerably on Senator Knox's judgment in his Cabinet appointments, and it is expected here that the personnel of the Taft official family will have been pretty definitely settled when the Senator leaves. Mr. Taft has for weeks been receiving suggestions as to Cabinet possibilities and the field of candidates has grown enormously. He has had suggestions not only from every State, but from nearly every Congress district in the country. He has been subjecting this list to a careful process of elimination and he will place the names that are left before Senator Knox for his advice and opinion. Mr. Taft still says that Senator Knox is the only member of his Cabinet who has been selected.

National Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock returned to Augusta this afternoon from Birmingham and Atlanta. He will be here to-morrow and will probably take part in the Taft-Knox conference. Mr. Hitchcock made his trip to Birmingham and Atlanta to get better acquainted with political conditions in those cities.

John Hays Hammond, who is agitating the establishment of "independent clubs" through the South, met Mr. Hitchcock in Atlanta and returned with him to Augusta. Other visitors at the Taft cottage to-day were Hon. J. B. McPherson, Republican State chairman of Georgia, and the Rev. A. J. McKelway, secretary of the Southern States National Child's Labor Committee.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Senator Philander C. Knox, who will be Secretary of State in the new Cabinet, left Washington this afternoon for Augusta, Ga., where he will have a conference of two or three days with the Taft-Knox conference. Mr. Knox's visit to Augusta is to discuss the appointment of other members of the new Cabinet and the conference is in accordance with an invitation given by Judge Taft at the time he prevailed upon the Pennsylvania Senator to accept the appointment of Secretary of State under the next Administration.

It is probable also that there will be a discussion of transfers and appointments in the diplomatic service after March 4, and color is lent to this theory by the fact that Senator Knox had another long conference with Secretary Root to-day before leaving for the South.

On the same train which takes Mr. Knox to Augusta is Senator Jonathan B. Gresham, of Oregon, who is bound to give his advice on Cabinet making or to play golf with Mr. Taft, or both. It was said in Washington to-day that Senator Gresham could have been prevailed upon to give his advice on Cabinet making if he would accept it.

YERKES ART GALLERY SOLD.

Speculators Bid It in Auction—It Was to Have Been the City's.

The Yerkes art gallery, at Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street, was sold at auction yesterday for \$275,000 in order to satisfy a judgment of about \$275,000 held by the Mutual Life Insurance Company. The buyer, Martin D. Fink of Dimock & Fink, dealers in plumbers' supplies, represents a syndicate of real estate speculators in which Henry Morganthau, Max Marx and Andrew J. Connick are interested.

Members of the syndicate said yesterday that the property was sold to any one who would offer \$400,000 for it. Competent authorities estimate the value of the site as about \$400,000.

Under the will of the late Charles T. Yerkes, the building, a four story stone structure with a forty foot frontage on Fifth avenue immediately south of the Yerkes residence on the Sixty-eighth street, was sold to the city, together with the donor's art collection. The transfer was not to take place, however, until after the death of Mrs. Yerkes. Furthermore no provision was made for the maintenance of the gallery.

Mrs. Yerkes neglected to pay the interest on a mortgage of \$225,000 on the realty. When the Mutual Life Insurance Company and apparently failed to take any steps to prevent the foreclosure of the mortgage and the resultant sale at auction. The building had been turned over to the city by the municipal authorities were unable to interfere beyond obtaining a temporary delay.

The contents of the gallery, including pictures, paintings and statuary, were not covered by the mortgage. They must be removed within thirty days.

LOTUS YULETIDE DINNER.

Members to Enjoy the Annual Frolic on Saturday Evening.

One of the last entertainments that the Lotus Club is to enjoy in its old clubhouse is the Yuletide dinner Saturday evening next. The new clubhouse in West Fifty-seventh street is to be occupied by the club on Monday night.

Saturday evening's entertainment will consist of a dinner which follows as far as possible the old English way of banqueting during the Yuletide. The roasted quarters of beef is to be served on the banquet hall on the shoulders of lusty stewards and there are to be songs of old England by the glee club and soloists. Well as other entertainment appropriate to the occasion.

The final club banquet in the old house will be given on the evening of Saturday, January 30, and the guest of honor will be Gov. Charles E. Hughes.

News of Plays and Players.

It was settled yesterday that "A Stubborn Cinderella," a new musical comedy presenting Jack Barrymore and Sallie Fisher in its leading roles, will begin an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on Monday, January 25, succeeding Joseph O'Malley's "Pecky McGee."

Announcement is made that "An International Marriage" will close at Joe Weber's Theatre on January 16, and that Joe Weber's all star company will present "The Merry Widow" at the Theatre on the Square on January 17. Following this a farce comedy, "The Girl From Rector's," will come into Weber's, having to buy a new name, or Aso-Neith has a schedule of prices. If you are in a bad it may be expensive to switch—maybe not. It all depends on the diagnosis of your vibrations.

Receivers for Metropolitan Surety Co. ALBANY, Jan. 6.—Supreme Court Justice Fitts to-day, on the application of Attorney-General O'Malley, appointed John F. Sawyer of 120 Broadway, New York city, receiver of the Metropolitan Surety Company of New York. Examiners of the State Insurance Department reported to the Supt. of Insurance last month that the capital stock of the company was impaired 60 per cent, amounting to approximately \$140,000. Notice was served on the company to make good the impairment of the State Insurance Department and it decided to go out of business.

Big Dinner to the Comptroller.

A number of the business men of Greater New York will give a dinner to Comptroller Metz at the Waldorf-Astoria on Monday, January 12, as a means of expressing their appreciation of the Comptroller's efforts to put the city on a business basis. Six hundred and fifty guests are expected. Among them will be Archbishop Hughes, Abraham Lincoln, Irving T. Bush, George C. Boldt, Francis H. Leggett, Gen. Edward L. Moynihan, Nathan Straus, Edward M. Shepard and Jacob H. Schiff.

Queens Street Cleaning Superintendent Resigns.

James E. Clonin, superintendent of street cleaning of the Borough of Queens yesterday sent in his resignation to President Greaser. Mr. Clonin gave as his reason for resigning that owing to his business interests he was unable to give proper attention to his street cleaning duties.

HAMMERSTEIN'S FAMED HAT

COVERS A SWEETENED HEAD, SAY PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY MEN.

Formerly 37 Union Square. Founded 1863.

Oscar Comes Back at "Alleged Opera Patrons" and "Society Boxholders" Who Pay for Mortgages With "Artistic Temperament"—About \$400,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6.—Oscar Hammerstein and Philadelphia society came into violent collision to-day, and later on when various choice epithets such as "Dutch fool," "brainstorm," "spongers," "ingrates," etc., had simmered down it was not possible to ascertain which had suffered the most damage.

Out of a mass of statements there finally issued the following state of things:

Mr. Hammerstein, failing to place the \$400,000 mortgage that he wants to put on his opera house by Saturday, will on that date definitely abandon his artistic purpose and rent the property to Klaw & Erlanger as a vaudeville house.

G. Heide Norris, the society leader who first lured Mr. Hammerstein to this city and who has been his legal adviser in the enterprise, is either incontinent or fired or else has indignantly resigned. Mr. Hammerstein being authority for the former statement and Mr. Norris for the latter.

The box committee, composed of the most elect—Alexander Van Rensselaer, Andrew Wheeler, C. Hartman Kuhn, Francis E. Bond and Mr. Norris—have also either been sent down the sliding board by Oscar or have resigned; same authorities for the conflicting statements.

Mr. Norris says that after Mr. Hammerstein's clamor upon Philadelphia the community will refuse to grant him his \$400,000. The community has refused to grant him the \$400,000 up to 9 o'clock to-night despite three ardent sessions of Hammerstein with financiers this afternoon.

Society threatens to leave Hammerstein's house in a body if he does not retract all the nasty things he has said and behave like a good Philadelphia man. Mr. Norris insists on a public apology. Mr. Hammerstein refuses it on the ground that all the things he said were intensely private and addressed to Mr. Norris as his lawyer.

Mr. Hammerstein has been trying for weeks to raise \$400,000 on his new opera house. He already has a \$200,000 mortgage on the ground. Philadelphia financiers have a custom that does not permit them to lend more than the value of the ground on theatrical houses. Mr. Hammerstein did not like it and threatened to cut his season out. Mr. Norris and the rest of the committee tried to raise the money for him. Mr. Hammerstein came over to-day in a towering rage and sailed into the office of Mr. Norris, who is a very dignified person and practises law, not for money, but merely because he likes it.

What Mr. Hammerstein said was very painful to Mr. Norris and the others. He said society was a frost in Philadelphia; that they were "damned asses" and did not know much about the opera house. A lot of them, he said, had been going to his opera house free, but they would not any more. He wanted that \$400,000, and wanted it right away.

He was shown out of the door, and the parting of the ways of the impresario and the aristocratic box committee began right there. No one after characterizing Mr. Hammerstein as "the greatest impresario and the worst fool" he had ever met, said Mr. Hammerstein was suffering from "brainstorm" and "megalomania," otherwise "big head."

"His vituperation was shocking," Mr. Norris said. "I feel both sorrow and pity for him, but he must eat those words. When Mr. Hammerstein talked about gifts it is funny. Any one who knows him knows he does not give anything free. I had \$250,000 actually promised when Mr. Hammerstein said he would give to-day and in the course of a brainstorm repudiated my plans. Not that alone, but he talked in a sneering way of all our efforts, and I showed him the door and told him I never wanted him to enter it again."

Mr. C. Hartman Kuhn and Mr. Andrew Wheeler, fellow members of the committee, were in the office after the outbreak and I voice their attitude regarding his action. Mr. Van Rensselaer is South and Mr. Bond is sick. They both agree with me.

He has placed himself in a position to make it impossible for us to maintain any relations with him, and as far as the committee or the loan or myself as his attorney are concerned, all is over. "It is absolutely pitiful. I am deeply sorry for him. He is the greatest impresario in the world, but not well balanced. I cannot explain his actions except on the ground that he is suffering from brain fire, occasioned by overwork, an exaggerated case of big head. He has absolutely no business ability and has devoted himself to the art of the opera. He does not know what others, who have client's affairs to consider, have to contend with."

Mr. Hammerstein said: "I am not begging. I have a property worth a million and a quarter. I do not see why in a rich city like Philadelphia I cannot get \$400,000 on it. Try hard as they may neither the alleged patrons of opera nor society box holders can invest in a real estate mortgage with the artistic temperament. I have to have money."

Mr. Hammerstein said he was proud to say that the attendance and receipts have surpassed expectations, and while he was chagrined at the attitude of the financiers and capitalists regarding the mortgage of \$400,000 he must applaud the public. "I took in \$190,395 in seven weeks here," he added.

"Then what are you kicking about?" he was asked. "I want that \$400,000," said Mr. Hammerstein intensely.

Two attachments were filed against Hammerstein to-day, one for \$400,000 and one for \$2,230.35 for work on the opera house.

Nevertheless Mr. Hammerstein will very probably get his money.

Daniel Frohman, manager to-day, "I wish I were an impresario," he said. "They can't afford such novel advertising methods."

Thompson-Groom.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6.—Miss Martha Groom was married to William Leslie Thompson of Troy, N. Y., at noon to-day at St. Peter's Church. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop Coadjutor of Albany, Dr. Nelson, assisted by the Rev. Walter Thompson, uncle of the bride, and Rev. J. M. Jeffrey, rector of the church. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, Jr., of New York. After their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will live in Troy, N. Y. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Groom and has been prominent in the social life of the city. The bridegroom is closely related to many families of distinction throughout the country. His paternal grandmother was a granddaughter of Gov. Salmonstall of Connecticut. His grandmother on his mother's side was a granddaughter of Peter Schuyler, first Mayor of Albany.

Kuechler-Barr.

The marriage of C. W. Kuechler of Trieste, Austria, and Josephine W. Barr, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barr, was celebrated yesterday at the home of the bride's parents, 109 State street, Brooklyn. The bride wore a white satin gown and a Josephine W. Barr. E. Carleton Granbery of New York, a sister of the bride, was the matron of honor. The bridesmaids were Mrs. W. M. Barr, Louise Murray, Mary Dreier and Adele Kuechler. Only relatives and intimate friends of the couple were present at the ceremony, which was followed by an informal reception. Mr. Kuechler and his bride will sail for Europe on January 19.

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